

The Hangover by jackwabbit

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He woke slowly, his arm numb and his shoulder sore.

He tried to move it, then realized why it was bothering him so much and froze.

His eyes popped open as he remembered the events of the previous night with startling clarity.

He hadn't known she'd be there, which in and of itself was a problem.

When had they stopped talking to the extent that her presence back in Hawkins was a surprise?

He couldn't quite decide. He just knew he was glad to see her, despite everything.

After all, they were still friends, right? Even if the letters were once a month now instead of once a week? And phone calls were an endangered species?

Yeah, they were friends. He was sure of that. Any questions he might have had were erased by how much he enjoyed her company, and the fact that that seemed to be reciprocated.

That he'd ended up next to her at midnight was entirely accidental – or as accidental as it could be, given the fact that they'd been joined at the hip all night.

The kiss had been fleeting.

They'd moved on immediately, chatting about everything and nothing for hours until they slowly drifted off. It's not like it meant anything. It was just a perfunctory New Year's kiss between friends.

Except now here he was, her head on his bicep and her body lying along his down the couch, and all he wanted was to kiss her again. He shook his head gently to try to clear his thoughts, but it didn't help. This wasn't the ramblings of last night's intoxication talking.

No, he was stone cold sober but somehow still completely fucked up.

Because apparently Steve Harrington wasn't over Robin Buckley.

And this was one hangover he'd nurse for a long, long time.